

"Outta Here" lyrics

## KRS-One Lyrics

### "Outta Here"

*[DJ Premier samples/scratches between verses:]*

*[Slick Rick:]* "Boogie Down was performin, hey they ain't no joke"

*[KRS:]* "Down with the sound called B-D-P"

*[Verse 1:]*

Back in the days I knew rap would never die  
I used to listen to Awesome-2 on WHBI  
I used to hear all kind of rap groups before sampling loops  
Rappers wore bell-bottom Lee suits  
Me and Kenny couldn't afford that  
So we would go to the park when they was jammin' to hear rap  
I used to listen till the cops broke it up  
I always thought to myself "Damn, why they fucked it up?"  
But never the less I was in love with the microphone  
And it stayed that way until I left home  
On the streets of New York, now I'm free  
But with freedom comes big responsibility  
I used to walk around driven by the force  
I remember how large Super Rhymes was when he fell off  
I used to wonder about crews that used to rock  
They were large, but none of them could manage to stay on top

Do you ever think about when you outta here?  
Record deal and video outta here?  
Mercedes Benz and Range Rover outta here?  
No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

*[Verse 2:]*

After livin' on the streets alone  
Some years went by, I signed myself into a group home  
I used to watch the show "I Dream of Jeannie"  
And dreamt about "When will I be large like Whodini?"  
But I was messin' with graffiti on the subway  
And gettin' chased by the cops almost everyday  
I knew it had to be a better way see  
So I would go to my room, blast RUN DMC  
Around 1984 I left the group home, again alone  
Still dreamin' about the microphone  
Gimme a chance man, I know I can rock it  
But I had to worry about puttin' money in my pocket  
So when I reached the shelter I met my helper DJ Scott La Rock  
And we both loved hip-hop  
I was takin' suckas out in the shelter system  
Yeah there was rappers in the shelter but I had to diss 'em  
But all along, my vision was never lost  
I kept seeing all these rap groups fallin' off

Do you ever think about when you're outta here?  
Fly girl and fresh gear outta here?  
Five-thousand dollar love seat outta here?  
No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

*[Verse 3:]*

While I'm battling these rival crews  
Yes, BDP would stay in the street news  
Some said all they wanna do is battle  
They can't write a song, so their careers won't last long  
Around this time I used to hang with Ced Gee  
And DJ Scott La Rock used to buy gold with Eric B  
I didn't meet Rakim till later with Scott  
I remember we were jammin' at the rooftop  
It used to irk me when these critics had opinions  
Scott would say "Just keep rappin', I'll keep spinnin'"  
We had a fucked up contract, but we signed it  
And dropped the hip-hop album Criminal Minded  
We told the critics your opinions are bull  
Same time Eric B and Rakim dropped Paid in Full  
Hip-hop pioneers we didn't ask to be  
But right then hip-hop changed drastically  
People didn't wanna hear the old rap sound  
We started samplin' beats by James Brown  
In the middle of doin' My Philosophy  
Scott was killed and that shit got to me  
But knowin' the laws of life and death  
I knew his breath, was one with my breath  
I had nothin' left and it was scary  
So I dropped By All Means Necessary  
Another hip-hop group that was a friend of me  
Was a revolution crew called Public Enemy  
It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back  
These two albums set off consciousness in rap  
But all along, I'm still lookin' around  
And all I can see are these rap groups fallin' down

Do you ever think about when you outta here?  
Condominium and beach house outta here?  
Credit cards and bank accounts outta here?  
No doubt BDP is old school, be we ain't goin' out!

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